strong

My fainting heart rose bravely up, made

To bear its cross: God granted me a song "Lord, I am conquered! Ceaseless, night and

day. A thousand cruel ills have hedged me round. Till like a stag the hounds have brought t

bay My stricken heart lies bleeding on the ground !" When lo! with new-found life my soul

made strong. Spurned all its foes: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am dying! Earth and sea and sky Fade and grow dark; yet, after all, the end Wrings from my breaking heart a feeble

sigh For this poor world, not overmuch its

But suddenly with immortal power made

My soul, set free, sprung heavenward in a song!

-Stuart Sterne in the Century. THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

"Come on, dear," said Amy, putting up her parasol. "Dear" came, a chubby five car-old. the road, Mel-

said his young aunt. "All wight," said Malcolm. They had come, Malcolm and his parents and his father's pretty sister, to pass the summer in Gloster.

Gloster was only a hamlet, but it was cool and green and delightful. "We'll go along by this stone wall, dear," said Amy.

They passed a maple grove, a little, old church, some farm-houses, and then came suddenly upon a square, white building, with two doors in front and yellow-blinded windows. Out of the doors bare-footed children, with dinnerpails, were coming.

"A district school!" said Amy "And it looks so much like- Bu. of course you don't remember, Malcolm. You were only two years old."

Smiling in a pleasantly retrospective way, Amy strolled up to the door. She would have a congenial little chat with the teacher. Probably it was a spinster with a pointed nose and a shoul-

der-shawl, but-She and Malcolm went in, and the teacher rose from the desk. He was hardly a spinster! He was a

tall, bright-eved, dark-moustached, indisputably good-looking young man. "Oh!" Amy faltered.

"Come in!" said the schoolmaster, though they were in. Amy mustered her courage. It was embarrassing, but after all it didn't alter the case. She would have her congenial

talk just the same. "We thought we'd come in," she sweetly smiling. Wou san taught a ct school once myself,

"Certainly," said the master. "I am my school is out." He hastened forward to meet her, and walked back down the aisle with her.

"I'd have been glad to see it," said Amy-nct very regretfully, however. "See, Malcolm, dear, that rat on the blackboard."

"Yes, I illustrate their lessons for my primer children," said the teacher, laugh-"They like my pictorial efforts." What a pleasant laugh he had, and what a clearness and gaiety in his eyes! Amy's heart beat a little faster.

"It's such work, isn't it, teaching babies?" she said. "I had an infant of three in my school." "Oh, I draw the line there! But I

have them as small as this young man. He pinched Malcolm's fat cheek. "Malcolm is five," said Amv. "Have you many pupils? I had only sixteen."

"Oh, I can beat that! I have forty." "And you do it all?" said Amy, her admiring eyes raised to his. "I'm afraid I'm presumptuous to try to have a congenial talk," she laughed, ambiguously. You see, I taught only one term. I was spending the summer at Hinton, and the teacher was taken sick the first of the term, and I taught it for her. But I'm afraid I did it for fun."

"I shall rank you among the pedagogues, all the same," the young schoolmaster declared, gaily. "You've taught a school, and the insincerity of your mofive doesn't matter. I don't know why we can't have a congenial talk." "Perhaps we can," said Amy, with

pretty laughter and a blush. They had it.

Malcolm, sitting close to his pretty aunt on the bench, listened round-eyed, interested if not comprehending. Amy wondered afterward how ever

they drifted from school methods and monthly examinations to the prettiness of Gloster's rambles and the the pleasantness of the Clarks' front porch, where Amy boarded, and the excellence of their croquet ground. But they did; and they were honestly amazed when the clock on the wall gave its "tehick" for half-past

They looked at each other in flushed Their acquaintance was an hour and

"I've hindered you!" Amy cried. "You've got lessons to make out, or

something. "I haven't," retorted the teacher, with a bright laugh. "I was going home. I live beyond the Clarks', and I hope you'll let me go with you."

"Come, Malcolm, dear," said Amy, urning aside her smiling face. I don't suppose you will care for my mencement," said the schoolmaster, at Marks' gate. "It's day after to-mor-

The audience, which was large, had "Lord, I am weary " cried my soul. "The sun listened and applauded, and tossed flow-Is flerce upon my path, and sore the weight ers, and vigorously fanned itself for nearly two hours. The graduates had read their essays, and the chairman of the school board had presented their diplomas and made a short address. Now it was the turn of the young mas-

ter, and the audience gave him a little round of cheers as he rose to speak the parting words to the graduates. For Phil Oakes was certain to say something worth hearing.

So he did. The conventional sentiments about the voyage of life and the port of success were for once neglected. The young master's speech, was short. but good; terse, but bright and interesting and amusing.

Amy looked and listened. She was with her brother and sister a-law, and she was rather in doubt as to the thing she intended doing; but she did not falter

How nice he looked! And his bright eves were turned toward her more than once. And she had determined to do it if it was eccentric. She grasped firmly the handsome nose-

gay of flowers she had carefully arranged. red and white and vellow roses, with a border of delicate ferns, and as the young master bowed, amid sincere applause, she threw it with vigor directly at him.

There was a general laugh at the novel feature, and then a spreading "Ah!" of consternation.

The big bunch had hit the rather anocked it to ety lamp on the organism was the expected crash of breaking glass; but worse, there was a burst of flame. The oil had caught

Of course there was a panic. Even men, in their first fright, pushed toward the door. Women screamed and children cried. .

Everybody was certain that the building would burn, and there was a general rush and hubbub. But Amy stood still. Her sister-in-law

had grown almost hysterical, and her brother had borne her out, and called to Amy to follow But she did not. She stood motion-

less and watched one figure on the plat-Phil Oakes had snatched up the carpet from the temporary platform, and was valiantly smothering the flames.

Amy waited. She had done it! If he was badly burned-if he was smothered -it would be her fault-hers! And how differently she had meant it! She had been foolish, but surely she did not deserve that her foolishness should be to his injury.

The time she stood miserably waiting -waiting till he should see and come to her, as she knew he would (for he must know from whom that bouquet had come) the time seemed endless. When he came, white faced but smiling

the tears rushed to her anxious eves "I was such a goose!" sh .. What are burned-both I did it!" A small burn or two-

ig!" said the schoolmaster, looking

andsome as he bent toward her. "Don't think it! I have your flowers, and they were worth it! Are you alone? Let me take you home." She took his arm. He was not much hurt, and he held her flowers tightly in

always glad to have visitors. I'm sorry his hand, and they were going out into the cool night together, and she was For otherwise she would be home with John and Margaret.

"My sister-in-law was hysterical with right," said Amy, laughing and half-crying together, and almost hysterical her-And my brother took her home. He told me to come, but I-" "Your brother?" said Mr. Oakes.

Yes." "And your sister-in-law?" "Why, yes." "But I haven't seen them!" he exostulated

"But you haven't called on me, " Amy retorted, shyly. "And I thought you were here alone, declared.

"But I'm not." she replied, wonder-The schoolmaster stopped short and faced her. "Is it possible," he said, solemnly,-

is it possible that that child is your Of course! What else could he be? Amy cried.

There was a silence of some minutes. "I thought he was your-son," said Phil Oakes, almost inaudiably. thought you were a widow."

"A widow!" she gasped. She leaned against a fence and laughed until she was weak. "I was sure you were a widow," he said. "You had on a black dress, you

"With yellow bows on it!" she replied, in a soft scream. "And the little boy was with you."

"Oh, yes! Malcoln loves me. And Margaret was away that day." "And he looks like you."

"Yes, everybody says so." "And you called him 'dear.' And I thought he called you 'mammy?'" "Aunt Amy," she corrected, faint with laughter.

"I see," said the schoolmaster, slowly. 'Do you know," he added, gazing down upon her, "that it has worried me ever much? Somehow I didn't like to think of your being a widow. I liked von." That was a congenial talk, wasn't it? and I-I admired you. But I was entirely persuaded that you were a widow with a young, hopeful, and somehow I didn't like the idea in the least. On my soul I don't know why," said the young man, laughing as he looked down upon

And he didn't know, though he blushed as he said it, and though she of the rose-bouquet had her pretty face

But he knew later. The summer was long, and the Clarks' front porch and re stepping off of croquet ground were rich in opportunity

> s in this to the o being in red and fifty , and thouthe necks of of North and manufacture of Terent from that ad of being molded, into sheets, cut into when gons, which. into their well-known riveted they are

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

OBJECT OF FEEDING FOWLS. Young and old fowls need enough of nutritious food to keep them in thrift and good condition. The object of feeding well is to increase size as rapidly as possible, and to furnish nutriment and the material for the eggs for the laying With young fowls the rapid hens. growth of body, bone and feathers is a great drain, and to supply these and push the bird along as fast as possible, and consistent with good growth and strong constitution, we must have recourse to a supply of proper food during certain periods of growth and during the season when we desire the greatest number of eggs.—California Cackler.

REST TIME TO FELL TIMBER The best time to cut trees for lumber, says J. H. Andre in the New York Tribune, is in November, December and Jauuary, when there is least, as well as the thinnest, sap in the pores of the wood, and when the weather is so cold that fermentation will not set in to injure the fibre. In summer the sap is richer as well as more abundant, and in the hot weather a lively destructive fermentation is very liable to set in. It is an undisputed belief among old woodsmen that trees felled in summer quickly decay. The branches of a beech tree felled while the tree is full of sap will be decayed to such an catent by the following winter that they may be easily broken, even if large in size, and are worthless for firewood. Lumber from hemlock felled in summer, so as to peel off the bark for tanning, is not so good as that cut in

SWINE AND POULTRY. When cool nights come it is time to begin to force along all fattening animals, not to crowd them to their utmost capacity, but to be liberal with food, so they will show a perceptible gain. Swine to fatten well need good, dry beds and not too much sloppy food. Pork usually sells at a better price before Thanksgiving than afterward, and a bushel of corn in October will make more pork than five pecks will in December. It will also make more pounds of poultry, if the fowl have comfortable quarters in a hennery where they will not be too warm in warm nights or too cold in cold nights, and are not tormented by vermin. The opinion held by some poultry men, that it is of no use to try to fatten poultry until cold weather begins, is simply the result of their experience where fowl roosted out of doors or in open sheds until late in the Beason, and were not kept free from parasites that robbed them

vitality. Anoth may not fatten as r y now as later is owing to the constant worrying of the constant worrying of the cockerels. They should be separated from the rest, the henhouses and roosts should be washed with kerosene, and the fowl taught to go in there. Then with a little care to close or open windows as the weather changes, there will be no trouble in fattening them in season for Thanksgiving .- American Culticator.

TO SAVE GRAIN IN BINS. Every year a great deal of grain is speiled by molding or becoming musty after being threshed. This year, unless threshing is delayed until very late, the losses from this cause are likely to be nusually heavy, owing to the wet venther at harvest fime, and the bad condition in which much grain was got under cover. We heard a few days ago a practical farmer describe a method by which he put up grain, however wet and in any amount, without injury. He kept a lot of common brick under cover, so as to be always dry, and when the grain was put into the bin he interspersed brick through the heap, enough to absorb all superfluous dampness. Almost every one knows that kiln-dried brick will absorb a great amount of water in proportion to their size. The brick in a heap of damp or even wet grain will, if numerous enough, dry it out, saving all danger of heating. After serving their purpose, the brick should be carefully put one side for use another year. Our informant's father had used the same pile of brick many years, and however dry the grain, he usually threw a few brick in the bin to insure greater safety. It is possible that this would prove a good method in drying out corn, or to keep hay or grain in stacks from being spoiled by heating through. The bricks would thus be in greater danger of being

can Cultivator.

lost, or with grain stacks of bein , ut

through the threshing machine .- Ameri-

DRINE SALTING OF BUTTER. The demand for less salt in butter has called attention anew to brine salting, and I think, says a writer in the New York Tribune, that whenever the maker has mastered the method, this brine-salted butter has given best satisfaction to consumers. It has been wrongly supposed that salt used for salting butter, strikes into the fats themselves and pickles them, as we assume it does in the case of meat. But all that is accomplished is to substitute for the water left in the butter, usually from ten to fifteen per cent. a saturated brine or water containing all the salt it can hold at ordinary temperatures. At the Minnesota Experiment Station it was found that butter fats cannot be made to absorb salt or brine; the particles of said the schoolmaster, rather | fat are only surrounded by this solution. breathlessly. "I liked you right away. All the salt that will be discovered in a pound of butter by its own moisture amounts to little, if any, over half an ounce; hence of an ounce of salt in a pound of butter, a large part is simply undissolved salt. It was shown, further, that the finer the granulation of the butter, and the longer the butter stand the brine, the more of the take up; the more of the butter contains the more of the caseous or cheesy matter is remove or in some other way rendered harm, or in some other way butter will 1 es

But if agein is made too fine an unamount of water is left in the butter, which washing will not remove. On the other hand, if the grains are left too large, they inclose more of the caseous matter that will not be taken out, since the brine cannot penetrate into these larger masses Gathering the butter into granules the size of small bird shot is about the best one can do to avoid the undesirable extremes above mentioned. Brine salting can be most perfectly done by draining the butter as close as possib after the last washing, then adding a strong brine, enough to cover the butter -not to float it. Such granulated butter will contain thirty-five per cent. of its weight of wash water, which, of course, weakens the added brine by that much. If, after standing in this solution for a few moments, this brine is mostly removed and salt added to reinforce its strength, and it is then poured back and the churn slowly revolved, the butter will be salted as much as is possible by any process of salting if all the salt is to ssolved; and this is all the salt that

eptic, but not

placed in cold

butter as we

wheat cakes.

PROFITS FROM THE ORCHARD.

It is quite certain that much is vet to be learned in orchard management to make it uniformly profitable. If there were any doubt on this subject an observation of the manner in which its products are often gathered and marketed would be sufficient to dispel it. Many defective apples, as well as better windfalls, that would make excellent vinegar if put to that use are allowed to waste and rot. When cider is made too little care is exercised in excluding decayed fruit and also as to the time and manner in which it is made, so that the article produced is not of the best and will not

command a remunerative price. Again, in picking the fruit from the trees, ladders are handled so roughly, or limbs shaken by clumsy or careless climbers, that many of the best of the apples are knocked off and bruised by the fall. None but the most careful hands should be allowed to gather the fruit from the trees. It ought to be remembered that an apple bruised in the basket at the picking means a rotten apple in the barrel, causing not only its own loss, but an additional one, by inducing rot in others with which it comes in contact.

A careful man ought also to do all the barreling. When a full basket is received an empty one should be handed to the picker, and the apples be lifted by the hands out of the basket and carefully laid, not dropped, into their places in the barrel. Face two rows stem down against the head that is to be taken out when the barrel is opened for sale or use. The others may be laid in izdiscriminately but carefully until the barrel is fall.

A gentle shaking is allowable, just enough to better settle the fruit in place, then the head should be pressed in by the use of an apple press. Just how much pressure may be applied must be left to the judgment of the operator, but it is quite as likely to be too little as too much. At this stage a bruise from a pressure of the head will not cause rot as it would were the pressure not still continued upon it, by which the germs of decay seem to be prevented from entering the bruised spot, as they would if it were more freely exposed to the atmosphere. Whatever may be the reason, it is quite well established that a pressure that prevents any movement of the apples when the package is handled, even if it occasions bruises to a few, is necessary to good keeping when barrelled.

While a selection of fair and sightly apples is allowable and expected for the ead, to be shown to the buyer, these should not be so much better than the average as to be disappointing when ned lower down, but

s claimed for them. In packing apples for sale it is advised to make first and second qualities, and where there is a portion of unusually large fruit even a third may be made to advantage, for uniformity in size adds much to the appearance. More money will be obtained for a crop properly graded and each sold on its merits than if all were packed indiscriminately without regard to size. In general, packing in the orchard at the time of the picking will be found the best; but circumstances alter cases so much that no fixed rule will apply alike to all .- New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Wood ashes makes a good fortilizer. much cultivation.

When the crop is marketed is the time to count the profits. To find the amount of hay in a mow allow 512 cubic feet for a ton.

A cross may be better than a full blood for feeding, but never for breeding. Better and sweeter pork may be obtained by feeding plenty of sweet apples than by any other process.

Scalded sweet milk and cooked rice will stop diarrhea in chickens. Avoid giving sloppy food when in this condi-A common mistake in applying inseccicides is often made in not repeating in

week or ten days to destroy the young that may have hatched out after the firstapplication. The best specimens of tomatoes and other vegetables should be saved for seed. Improvement goes forward by se-

lection, natural or otherwise, and the rule is that like produces tike. If the choice can be made, always select a light sandy soil for the location of the poultry house. A clayey soil is nearly

always damp, and for this reason should be avoided when possible. A farmer is said to have cleared his stable of fleas by the use of sticky fly paper. He puts a piece on the floor and it gets black with the insects. It is then moved and another laid down.

n disposition and in the character and nature of their tests and udder, and the good milker will study to know his cow n order that he may know how to treat If the ear corn that is fed to the young

Scarcely any two cows are exactly alike

hogs on pasture is of the more solid sorts it will pay to sonk it twelve hours before feeding; when fed dry it makes their teeth sore, and they only cat as prompted by pressing hunger. It is the whiffletrees rather than the

plow that do the mischief in plowing among fruit trees. The danger may be obviated by passing the ends of the traces over the ends of the whiffietree and fastening to the back.

Setting hens may be broken up tying a long red flannel rag two inches wide tightly around the leg. The effect At the sight of the trailin

flamel she will not cit down, and at last is glad to go the roost with the others. Just now and for a few years past good brood sow is and has been the most profitable breeding animal on the farm. The price of her product never goes so low as to make here losing factor in farm economy if properly cared for. Brahma fowls minus head and tails

sixteen per cent .: prepared for cooking, twenty-four to thirty-one per cent. Turkeys dressed for market shrink twelve per cent. Generally there is the least loss n the largest birds. Buckwheat middlings have been anavzed by the Connecticut Experimental Station and found to be one of the cheapst and rielest feeds in the market. I s especially effective in the production of

shrink in weight by dressing from ten to

ton it was found by the station "valuation" to be worth \$24.95. Didn't Have a Savory Smell.

milk of high quality. When costing \$21 a

The Java Bode records a singular adenture which resently befell a Governon surveyor in the wilds of Sumatra After a hard day's work on a mountain side he passed the night in the open air in a hut hastily run up by his coolies. As he was falling asleep after long watching, iswer to preserve the caseous mat- the sight of two fiery eyes glaring in at from fermenting. the entrance of the hut almost paralyzed ore salt may act him with terror. An enormous royal tiger soon glided in, melled him all over, and then set to work devouring the remorsel. Afterward his terrible guest manufacture as disappeared.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "Looking unto Jesus."-Hebrews

In the Christian life we must not go slipshod. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldiers' uniform, who have right to be away. They obtained a furough and they are honestly and righteously off duty: but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we calist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there never will be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. aul throws all around this Christian life the excitements of the old Roman and Grecian games-those games that sent a man on a with such a stretch of nerve muscle, that sometimes when muscle, he came up to the goal, he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it—but "run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus," and just as in the olden times, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by His holy spirit we may so run The distinguished Welliston, the chemist.

vas asked where his laboratory was, and the nquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive appara tus: but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great nany who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words Looking unto Jesus," and when we can inderstand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and the immensity of that passage we can under stand all. I remark in the first place we must look to

Christ as our personal Saviour. Now, you know as well as I, that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the deck crowded with good cheer, and the guns booming, and that same vessel driving against Long Island coast, the drowning passengers ground to pieces amid the timbers of the broken up steamer, as there is between man as he came from the hands of God, equipped for a but afterward and crushed, the coast of the near future strewn with the fragments of an awful and eternal shipwreck. Our body is wrong. How

red, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot-wounds, bruises, putrefying "All have sinned and come short of the of God." "By one man sin entered the world and death by sin, glory of God." into the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and coming up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seed fall to the ground and start other plants just as And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding about the

body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now, there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most derate thing for me to come to a man his trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease I have no remedy to offer.
I have a right to come
man in financial distress to a man in financial distress or physical distress if I have financial re-enforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverbrates a song of salvation. Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding. "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon, knocks and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famme struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness up the manna that lais in the winderness and the floods clap their hands, saying: "Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live for-ever," and the feet that were torn and deep cut on the rocky bridle path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the breaks through to the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yea to purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation sil-enced. Troubles that fought against ucantured and made to fight on our side. Not captured and made to fight on our side. as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus." "But what do you mean by Looking unto Jesus?" some one inquires. I mean faith. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity—if you say you will give me such a thing and I need it very uch, I come in confidence that you are an nest man and will do what you say. Now, a Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in med of pardon and life and heaven you can have them if you come and get them."
You say "i can't come and ask first.
I am afraid You won't give it to me."
Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know. Lord Jesus.
Thou art in earnest about this matter. I

without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: "That throws the responsibility off my shoulders." No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, Thou wilt give it to me,

Thou hast given it to me," That is faith.
Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one. "I
can't understand it." No man ever did.

All over glorious is my Lord He must be loved and yet adored; His worth it all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love Him, too. I remark again, that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now, a mere copyist, you know, is always a failure. If a painter go to a portfolio or a gallery of art, however exquisite, to get his idea of the natural world rom these pictures, ho will not succ well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, or poured it upon the mountain, or kindled it upon the People wondered why Turner, the

n sketching a storm upon the It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been shed to the deck in the midst of a tempest and then looked out upon the wrath of the sea, and coming home to his studio, he pic-tured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison, or the rugged vigor of Certyle or the weiredness of the epigramatic style of Ralph Waldo Emer-son, he will not succeed as well as that man who cultures his own na-tural style. What is true in this is true in respect to There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of There were men to cony Cowper. poet, a glorious man, but sometimes icted with melancholy almost to insanity. The convists got Cowper's faults but none of

few centuries ago He came out through makla surroundings and with a gait and man ner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people was a perfect model Among fishermen He showed how fishermen should act. Among taxgatherers, He showed how taxgatherers should act. Among lawyers, He showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers He showed how farmers should act. Among rulers, He showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find mains of his evening meal to the last in His conversation or sermons some-morsel. Afterward his terrible guest thing unwise or unkind or inacculate: but they never found it. They watched Him, oh how they watched Him! He never went

into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long He stayed, and when He came out, and whether He had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch Him. Little children rushed out to get from Little children rushed out to get from Him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the

street corner to see Him pass. Do you want an illustration of devction, behold Him whole nights in prayer. Do you want an example of suffering, see His pathacross Palestine tracked with blood. Do you want an example of patience, see Him abuse and never giving one sharp retort. Do you want an example of industry, see Him without one idle moment. Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at His life of self do nial, His death of ignominy, His sepulcher of humiliation. Oh what an example! His fee wounded, yet He submitted to the journey His back lacerated, and yet He carried the cross. Struck, He never struck back again Condemned, yet he rose higher His calumniators, and with w in His hand and wounds His feet and wounds on His brow and wound in His side, He ejaculated: "Father forgiv them, they know not what they do." Ah my brethren, that is the pole by which to set your compass, that is the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition, and the world would be impressed by the trans-

the matter with that man, he has been with Jesus and has learned of Him." Alexander was going along with his army in Persia and the snow and ice were so grea that the army halted and said: "We can' march any further." Then Alexander dis mounted from his horse, took a pickey w ahead of his army and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said: "If he can do that we can do it," and they took their picks and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from dis glory, and through all icy obstacles hews path for Himself and a path for us, saying 'Follow Me! I do not ask you to go through iny suffering, or fight any battles where lo not lead the way! Follow Me!" Again I remark, that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody in the house to-day who does not want sympathy? I do not know how any one can live vithout sympathy. There are those, how-

formation and would say: "I know what i

ever, who have gone through very rough nothe in life who had no divine arm to lear on. How they got along I do not exactly now. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed and they buttoned up a penniless ocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the ive years in getting with hard work How did they stand it without Christ Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the houseold. One fountain less of joy and laughter wo hands less, busy all day long in sport Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with ove and gladness. Through all that house hadow after shadow, shadow after shadow intil it was midnight. How did they ge through it? I do not know. They trudged he great Sahara with no water in the goat They plunged to their chin in the of despond and had no one to lift them. In an unseaworthy craft they put out into a black Euroclydon. My brother, my sister, there is a balm th cures the worst wound. There is a li

harbor from the roughest ocean. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out body and mind and soul. I come on no fool's errand to-day. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary.
Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted.
Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bether Jesus comes bounding to your soul to-day. There is not one passage Scripture, every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto Me, all ye who are wasry and heavy laden and I will give you weary and neavy laded, and I wan give you rest." Then there is another passage just as good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd leads

the wounded and sick of the flock.

The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus and will gloriously break it open at the right time, Genesaret cannot toss its waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been rabbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there cometh after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee. a coronation. Oh, do you not reel the breath a man who said: "Oh, my God!" He said to himself: "I must help that man though l can't walk."
So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain, until he came where this poor fellow

was suffering and he preached to him the comfort of the Gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound. It was sympathy going out toward an object most necessions, and one that he could easily understand. And so it is with Christ, though wounded all over Himself, He hears the cry of our repentance, the cry of our bereavwretchedness, and He says: "I must go and help that soul," and He rolls over with wounds in head wounds in hands wounds in feet, toward us, until He comes just where we are weltering in our own blood, and He puts His arm over us—and I see it is a wounded arm, and it is a wounded hand—and as He throws His arm over us I hear Him say: "I have loved thee with an everlast Again, we must look to Christ as our final

rescue. We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the Atlantic Occan there is another continent. But the beavenly land and this land stand in mighty contrast. This is barrenness and that ver lure. These shallow streams of earth which a thirsty ox might drink dry, or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the wight, givstalline river from under the throne, on the banks of which river the ar-mies of heaven may rest, and into whose clear lood the trees of life dip their branches. These instruments of easily racked into discord, compared with th sarps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering winter's cold, and the poor man carries his along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and week compared with the sureets that sound farmen the feet of joy and holi-uess, and those walls made out of all manuer of precious stones, the light intershot with reections from jasper and chrysolite and

paz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald nd chrysoprasus. Oh, the contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not oc conquered, and that world where it is perect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest! Alind in heaven?" "Oh, no, my dear, il the mother, "you won't be blind i

Manima, will I be lame in heaven "No," she replied; "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly gate it opens to him, and as the engels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says: "Wear this," and with a palm and says: "Wave this," and points to a throne and says: "Mount this."
Then the old citizens of heaven come around hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance vrought for him, and as the newly arrived oul tells of the grace that pardoned and the bout the praise of the King, crying: "Praise Him! Praise Him!"

Cuaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of

hat consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man. shone like the sun; the streets were als paved with gold and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golde harps to sing praises withai. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

DR. TALMAGE'S APPEAL FOR AID. On the morning of the day on which the foregoing sermon was to have been delivered by Dr. Talmage, his church, the Brooklyn Tabernacle, was completely destroyed by fire. Dr. Talmage has issued the following appeal for aid to all his friends throughou hristendom: To the People:

church. The building associated with so much that is dear to us is in ashes. In behalf of my stricken congregation I make appeal for help, as our church has never confined its work to this locality. Our church has never been sufficient either in size or appointments for the people who come. want to build something worthy of our city and worthy of the cause of God. We want \$100,000, which, added to the insurance, will build what is needed. I make appeal to all our friends throughout Christendom, to all denominations, to all creeds and those of no creed at all, to come to our assistance. I ask all readers of my sermons in the world

allow. What we do as a Church depends upon the immediate response made to this call. I was on the eve of my departure for a brief visit to the Holy Land, that I might be better prepared for my work here, but that visit must be postroned. I cannot leave until something is done to decide our future. May the God who has our destiny as individual and churches in His hand appear for our deliverance.

Response to this appeal to the people may be sent to me. "Brooklyn, N.Y." and I will, with my own hands, acknowledge the receipt T. DE WITT TALMAGE. thereof.

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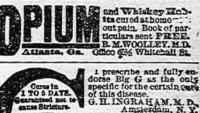
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